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age, and the third a woman probably a little older. They are not in any sense historical, but were obtained for the picture they give of the war-life of the Plains Indians. Both the men were renowned warriors. Bull-Robe, the older, has since died. In the case of neither was a complete account of all their achievements in war obtained; but both narratives probably refer to every war party or engagement in which they took part down to the point at which the narratives are broken off. All three narratives bear the stamp of naïve truthfulness; which, in view of the importance played in the life of the Plains tribes by the telling of war-exploits and the recounting of coups, is not surprising. It must be remembered that the narrators were not asked to describe the engagements and expeditions in which they were involved, but to narrate their personal share in them. This will account for the frequency with which an insignificant personal experience is told in detail and the general result of a war-party slurred over or ignored. The story told by the woman Watches-All has reference to the great disastrous expedition against the Piegans in 1867.

Black Wolf's Narrative.

When I was a boy I heard about great deeds in war, and resolved to follow in the tracks of such men. When I was a young man I started out alone. I travelled, and reached the camp of another band of Gros Ventre on the Missouri. I ate there and went on to the Bear Paw Mountains. There I slept at the foot of Eagle Butte. I started again before sunrise and crossed the mountains, following Beaver Creek to the end of the mountains. I saw buffalo, and shot at them. Some one else was hunting these buffalo, and heard the shot. After shooting, I had left my horse tied at the foot of the butte, which I climbed in order to look over the country. Then I saw some one below me coming up the butte. A moment later he saw me. I raised my gun, but he dodged and ran off. Thinking he was one of a party, I ran off also, reached my horse, and rode into the timber. When I could hear and see no one, I rode to where there was a trading-post on Milk River. At night all the horses there ran off into the timber. In the morning an Assiniboine was about to go to get them, when I told him that I would go after them, and started with my gun and a rope. Then I saw what looked like a flock of blackbirds flying over a hill. Soon I saw they were people. At first I had seen only their heads. They were coming over the hill towards me, but on one side, in order to ambush me. Suddenly they were riding at me. At first I was as if dazzled, and it looked like a fog to me. Then I recovered my senses. I was some distance from the post. I did not run, but waited for them. Two of them with long whips were in the lead. I

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159 726 stood there until they had gone by me. Then I ran. One of them shot at me, and I turned and took a shot at the leaders. Then I ran on again and they pursued me, and soon the entire party was all about me, all of them shooting. Bullets struck the ground all about me, and there was no noise but that of shooting. But I was never even scratched. Suddenly the attacking party split. A white man was running from the store with a gun to help me. I ran to him, and reached him almost exhausted. He took my hand and we ran back to the house. The enemy, however, captured all our horses, including those of the trader.

My father had sent word to the trader to keep me there if I should come, so I staid there some time; but I did not return to the camp. One day I had gone out to hobble my horse. Then the same party that had attacked me before came again. They crept up to the house, charged on it, and looked for me everywhere. An Indian woman who was there ran out on the prairie and motioned to me to go away. I cut the hobbles of my horse, jumped on it, and rode away. Looking back, I saw the party of the enemy at the house. I dismounted and lay down on the ground to hide. The woman came to me and told me that they were a party of Yanktons and other Sioux, looking for me; but by this time I knew it without being told. The Sioux looked for me all through the trader's cellar, but I was in the timber in a sort of breastwork I had dug. This was the second time I escaped from this party. Some of them said that they were trying to get the Assiniboine that was there, and some the Gros Ventre, myself. After their first failure to kill me, they had determined to come back; but I escaped them the second time also.

We were camped north of Milk River. A party of us went to where the agency then was on Milk River, and slept there. We were getting ready to start, and I was sent by the leader to saddle my horse and go ahead while they ate. A little boy was crying to go outdoors, and I opened the door for him, when I saw a Sioux a short distance outside. I shut the door and ran back to my companions in the next room. We went out with our guns, but the Sioux was gone. We watched the way he went, and saw him going over a hill westward. Then a band began to come in sight, more and more of them. They were a large party, mostly on foot. Seven or eight were mounted. There were only eight of us. It was a very windy day. The agent commanded us not to shoot, threatening to shoot us if we began fighting, and ordered us to wait until we were shot at. We went up on top of a house to watch. A man put tobacco into a blanket to take to the Sioux, and he had just got out of the door when a dog barked at the Sioux, and they shot. Then the firing began. Those of us who were on the roof sheltered ourselves behind chimneys. Two women were with us. As they hurried

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down the ladder below, the wind blew their dresses over their heads. When the man with the tobacco was shot at, he jumped back into the house, spilling his tobacco. We were shooting at them, and the whites also were shooting. The Sioux began to retire. Then I thought I would do a brave deed. I went out into the open space before the house, wearing a conspicuous red robe and black trousers. There I jumped about while they shot at me without hitting me. Then I went back behind the house again. Soon the Gros Ventre mounted their horses and attacked the Sioux, and kept driving them before them until they drove them into the timber at the river. One of our horses was killed, and one man was creased in the leg. There were very many of them, but only eight of us. 159 726

A small Gros Ventre camp of four tents had been living with the Crow. We were on our way back to the Gros Ventre, when at night a party of Sioux stole our horses. A company of soldiers was camped near us. In the morning, when we went out for our horses, we could not find them. One of our men saw the Sioux preparing to shoot a buffalo, but he acted as if he did not see them. When the Sioux saw him, they crouched down and hid. He looked over the country with his telescope in directions other than the one they were in. Then after a while he looked at them and counted seven of them. He had miscounted, for there were eight. Then he mounted his horse and rode slowly in another direction, but when he was behind the hill he hastened back to the camp. Two of us Gros Ventre knew English, and told the soldiers of the presence of the Sioux. The soldiers started after them. A mule followed them, and when he saw the soldiers' horses, which the Sioux were keeping hobbled in a gully, he ran to join them, so that the Sioux got possession of the mule also in broad daylight. I had gone to the hill where the Gros Ventre had first seen the Sioux, and was looking for them. From there I went on to the next hill, still looking for them. Another Gros Ventre came to me and said that the soldiers wanted us to go to the next butte beyond, which was across a flat, deep gully strewn with large bowlders. A third Gros Ventre was below us and started to join us. The Sioux were behind these bowlders, and this man below us was almost among them without knowing it. Seeing them raising their heads, he shot. Then, jumping off his horse, he ran; but the Sioux shot him through both thighs. He fell, but sat up again, whereupon they shot him through the head. He was the brother of my companion and of my wife. His brother began to cry, and started to revenge him on the Sioux. Not knowing where to cross the stream before us, we jumped into it anywhere, on our horses. The stream happened not to be deep, and we crossed it safely. Then the Sioux began to shoot. My brother-in-law jumped off his horse, but I turned mine until I was out of their sight. My brother-in-law remained there fighting the

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Sioux, while I rode around behind them towards the butte for which they were heading. There I tied my horse and then went up to watch them. Seeing them coming, I withdrew from sight, thinking they would soon stop to fight my brother-in-law, who was still pursuing them. When I thought it probable that they had stopped, I looked out again, and saw that they had indeed made a halt, and had their backs toward me. I had my two sticks for a gun-rest all ready, and raising my gun I shot. I hit one of them in the back and he fell over. He slid down the hill on his hands until he stopped, while the others shot at me, but missed. Then the soldiers approached, coming at a walk. I thought it ridiculous to go to war in that fashion. The wounded Sioux began to shoot at them. That was what they wanted, for they did not want to open hostilities; and they all dismounted and began to shoot back at him. About the last shot of the company knocked him over. Then three of us Gros Ventre made a rush to him. The two others reached him first. One of them took his gun. Another struck him, and I was the second to strike him. He was a fine-looking Sioux, with black blanket, and leggings of black flannel, with long hair tied with otter-skin, brass beads around his neck, and a beaded bag. His gun was a Sharp's rifle. We now missed one of our own men, not knowing that he had meanwhile followed the seven remaining Sioux, and headed them off. He drove them back to the high-banked gully from which they had come, and from which now they could not well come out. Now this man motioned to us to come. The soldiers said, "Let them be. They killed one of you, and you killed one of them to even matters up." But we Gros Ventre wanted more, and persuaded the soldiers to go with us. I went close up to where the Sioux were. The soldiers began to lie down and shoot into the air. They were afraid. A sergeant came up as near the Sioux as I was, but on the other side of them. Just as he was going to shoot, a Sioux shot struck close by his head. He shook his head, cursed, and took aim again. Another shot knocked off his cap. Then he ran to where I was, and I laughed at him. Now the body of the soldiers came up, shooting as they went along, so that the Sioux could not even venture to raise their heads to look. One of the Sioux was in advance of the rest, protecting them. He had two guns. I stood up to look for this man, and he raised his gun behind a sage-bush. I jumped aside, so that he lost his aim and did not shoot. Then I got behind something else and looked for him again. This time I saw the Sioux aiming at the place where I had been last. I aimed at him; he saw me and pointed his gun at me, but I shot him through the head. Then I started to go to the other side, but, as the soldiers were now coming up in formation, I went back in order to get the two guns of the man I had killed; but another Gros Ventre had already taken them both. Thereupon I went up on the bank

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overlooking the ravine, and looking down saw a Sioux crawling. The Sioux looked back and saw my head above the bank. He lay on his belly and attempted no resistance. Perhaps he was frightened to death. I shot him, went to him, struck him, and took his gun. Then I came to where two Sioux were lying, one on top of the other. By this time all the Sioux had been killed. I had killed three of them. One Gros Ventre jumped down into the ravine to reach the Sioux, while the soldiers were still shooting, and a ball went through his foot from the root of his little toe to his big toe. Then we scalped and despoiled the Sioux. The soldiers standing by would ask us for scalps, and we would toss them bits. We got much spoil, and all of us rode back home with scalps on our bridles. We came back to our camp, and the dead Gros Ventre was buried with a military funeral by the soldiers. The soldiers cooked a great feast for us, but we, being in mourning, would not eat. The soldiers started to go back to their post, and wanted us to go with them. We set out with them, but the wounded man became so ill that we had to return. Perhaps, if we had gone on with the soldiers, we should have been treated to a good time by them. We had distinguished ourselves on that day, and I had done brave deeds. The wounded man's leg swelled to the hip, and he died.

We were camped with the Crow. Then a man told me to go with him the next morning to cut up a buffalo that he had killed. In the morning we went out while it was still dark. We passed a Crow who was herding horses, and crying in mourning. We had gone only a little distance beyond him when we heard shots, and the Crow stopped crying. Five Sioux charged on him; but he ran among the horses and escaped, while the Sioux drove off the horses. The Crow had other horses tied about their tents, and now came out. My companion and I came across two Sioux who had been left by the five who had attacked the mourner. All together there had been seven in the party. We heard these two men talking Sioux. They took us for some of their own party, and came up to us. Then they shook hands with us. We could see the flashing of the guns where the Crow were fighting the other five Sioux. Then some Crow came out to us. A Sioux who was living among the Crow also came, one of the two men we had found being his relative. He took his relative's horse by the bridle and brought him to his own tent. The other Sioux, who wore a war-bonnet, was kept by the Crow from following his companion. The Crow pursued the five other Sioux, and killed four; but one of them was mounted on a swift horse, and escaped. The Crow with us held the one Sioux's horse until a large crowd had come up. There was a Crow one of whose relatives had been killed by the Sioux, and who was determined on revenge; and he killed the Sioux who was among us. One of them took away his war-bonnet while

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he was still alive, and another his six-shooter. Thus five of the seven had been killed. The Sioux who had been brought into his relative's tent sat with his gun leaning against his breast and a large knife in front of him. They tried to take his gun away from him, but he would not allow it. A great crowd was in the tent and around him. At last a chief came, and cried out, "You have had a long time to kill this man and have not killed him. Now go away from the tent, and let him go." Then the Sioux who lived among the Crow took this man, and accompanied him out of the camp for some distance on his way, after which he returned. Then we rejoiced over our victory. I received credit for having shaken hands with the two Sioux before a crowd had come up and surrounded us.

The Crow, Assiniboine, and Gros Ventre were all camped together. Some men were off from the camp hunting buffalo, when a Piegan war-party attacked them. The hunters fled to the camp, and the Piegan threw up breastworks by digging holes in the ground in a large flat. A large crowd of people was there fighting them, each man trying to outdo the others so as to receive the most honor. Then I determined to be as brave as I could, so that the two other tribes would think highly of me. When I came to the place and saw where the Piegan were, I rode right on without stopping my horse. The Piegan were in their holes, and I rode between two of them, so that I was exposed to the firing of those on both sides, as well as to the shooting of my own people. Then I jumped from my horse. I saw a number of brave young men from our tribe come toward the holes, jumping from side to side so as not to be hit. When they were near, the Piegan opened fire on them, and an Assiniboine was hit, being shot through both hips. I heard another shot, and at the very moment saw a horse fall with its neck broken. I saw another man riding in front of the enemy, and heard a shot; and this man fell, shot through both his forearms. He was a chief. Another man was shot in the belly; the ball went in and came out just under the skin. Then we all made a charge on the holes from all sides. There were three holes altogether. In two of them were two men each; the other contained a great many. I charged against one of the holes, and found two men lying in this with their heads against the breastwork. I stabbed one of them in the neck with my spear. The spear struck bone, and stuck fast. I tried to pull it out, and the man backed away from the spear across the hole to the other side, when the spear came out. Then the other Piegan jumped out of the hole with a long double-edged knife, but without a gun. Every one ran off, except myself. I backed away a little. Then the Piegan called to me to come on, and ran out to me. I advanced, holding my spear out. The Piegan ran straight on to this, piercing his breast about at the base of the sternum. Then he backed off, pulling the lance out of

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my hand. For a while it stuck in him, the end bobbing up and down; then it dropped on the ground and I picked it up again. The Piegan fled. I did not pursue him, but ran to the hole where he and his companion had been. The Piegan I had stabbed first was lying on his face with a gun in his arms. Dashing over him at a run, I caught the gun-barrel, and, without stopping, ran on, turned, and ran back. This was one of my earliest deeds of distinction in war, and was highly thought of. Such a deed was what I had been wishing to do ever since I had been old enough to go to war, and now I had done it. When a dance was held afterwards, the people could be heard calling out my name. All the Piegan, twenty in number, were killed. Later on, three more were found and also killed; so that the whole party was exterminated, only one of them escaping. At the time we did not know it; but he reached the Piegan, and informed them of the fate of the party, so that they came against us to obtain revenge. Our tribes were moving and had just made camp. An Assiniboine left it to hunt buffalo. The Piegan war-party came across him, killed him, and secured his horses. No one knew that the Assiniboine had been killed, and no pursuit of the attackers was undertaken. The Piegan then went on a high ridge and threw reflections from a mirror on the camp, as a challenge. When this was seen, everybody mounted and dashed off towards the enemy in haste. I took nothing with me but my shield. The Piegan were found on the other side of a ravine. A Piegan was killed; but the others escaped with his body. All that we secured was his rifle, which he dropped when he was shot. For a long distance we pursued the Piegan; but finally they swung us back, and drove us just as hard as the horses could run. At last we stopped running, and fought. One Gros Ventre was killed, and another was shot through the hand, the bullet striking the sternum and being stopped. That was all that happened in this fight. It was considered something of a distinction to carry a shield in battle; a man with a shield being more shot at than others, because he was more conspicuous, and because shields were always desired for capture. I also rode a pinto horse, which made me more conspicuous.

Once we were challenged by the Sioux. The Sioux sent word by the Assiniboine that they would come and exterminate our camp. We were only one band, a small part of the tribe. We made our camp near a black butte, above where Havre now is. The Sioux camped at Three Buttes on this reservation. At this time we already had many rifles. When we received the challenge, we went to the trading-post and bought large quantities of ammunition and new guns, until we were fully prepared. A few nights later the enemy came. It was dark, so that we knew nothing of their approach. A young man was off from the camp crying. It was early in the

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morning, and still dark. The Sioux tried to approach him, but he saw them and ran back. The camp was within the semicircle of a high bluff; but the bluff was not very steep. On top of the bluff we had been making intrenchments. It was now about daybreak. My family had already started a fire. I was lying on my side, when I heard a strange noise, like wind but different. It was the enemy coming, and the sound of their approach travelled through the air from above and into the lodges. An old woman came into our tent to get fire. She took coals and went out. She had gone only a few steps when I heard a shot. I jumped up, and there was a war-yell. I started out with my gun, but my father told me to lie down: so I lay until the shooting was over. On all sides I could hear horses falling; some being shot, and some trying to escape and being thrown when they reached the end of their ropes. When the first volley of shooting was over, I jumped up, and ran up the bluff to the edge and looked over. A solid mass of Sioux was there. A solid flame extended all along the edge of the semicircular bluff, so many were shooting. All the horses in the camp were exceedingly wild, but finally we all mounted. Then we charged the enemy and drove them. Most of our horses that had broken loose ran in the direction of the enemy, so that they captured many of them. Some of the Sioux were on foot. On their right, one man was running somewhat behind the rest. I pursued him, shot, and killed him. Then I ran toward him. The enemy turned and fired at me; but without stopping I jumped on my horse, ran to the dead man, struck him with my whip, and took his gun and his powder-horn. The Sioux shot at me in vain. So many shot, that it looked as if they were throwing quantities of fire at me; for it was yet not quite light. Soon it was broad daylight and the fight went on, but the Sioux retreated fighting. Two Gros Ventre were wounded. A girl had been wounded in the camp while lying asleep. The bullet entered her knee and travelled up the thigh. On this occasion, also, I earned distinction. There were more Sioux than Gros Ventre; but they fled. Some in their flight threw away their clothing, and returned home naked. A woman who was with them threw away her dress, and reached her camp naked. Some of the Gros Ventre families did not have a single horse left, as the Sioux had captured the stampeded horses. This was about 1875.

Bull-Robe's Narrative.

I was a young man when I went on my first war-trip. We started out from the Little Rocky Mountains, crossed the Missouri, and went to where the Yellowstone comes out of the mountains. There we came on a Crow camp. We made preparations, and at night stole eighty horses. I myself

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took five. Going back to where our party had camped last, we found a Blackfoot war-party. We went on by them, and the Blackfeet went against the Crow. After sleeping a little, we went on for the remainder of the night and all next day. We ate at the Mussel-shell, and continued running our horses until we reached the Little Rockies. One of our party took two shields hanging on poles at the back of a tent, and one of us cut loose a horse which was tied by a rope passing into the door of a tent. After I returned I was at the camp for some time. Then I started out again. The same night that we had left we were overtaken by another party from our camp, who told us that a camp of Flatheads were in the vicinity. At that time the Piegan were with the Gros Ventre. A number of Gros Ventre and Piegan had already gone to the Flatheads and established peace with them, and were now among them. Accordingly, when we came to a Flathead who was herding horses, he made no attempt to escape. We did not understand this, but went up to him as if without intention to hurt him, and then one of our party, drawing a revolver, shot him through the breast. Then we immediately stampeded his horses. The Gros Ventre and Piegan who were visiting the Flatheads still had their horses saddled, and, joining the Flatheads, pursued us. We took refuge in the timber, and the pursuers set it on fire. It was very hot in the smoke and fire, with the tied horses bucking and trying to break loose. Then one of the Piegan with the Flatheads called to us who we were. Answering in Gros Ventre, one of us asked them if the people there were Gros Ventre, and they said, "Yes." Then they called us to come out of the timber, and we came and went to the Flathead camp all together. We passed by the man who had been shot, who was lying wounded, not yet dead. I had not yet dismounted, riding a horse that belonged to another man, and was afraid they would try to take my horse. My party soon left, and hardly were we gone when the Flatheads began to attack the friendly party of Gros Ventre, and drove them out of the camp. These people were of another band from ourselves, which was the reason that we did not know of their being with the Piegan. When the Flatheads attacked them, we all ran, and I was the first to return to camp, so that I know nothing that happened further.

After some time a war-party started again. There were four of us. Near the mountains we saw a Crow camp. We stole horses. I took two. We wanted more horses; so, turning those we had captured loose where they would not be seen, we went up into the mountains, and camped there that day. At night we went down to the Crow camp again. This time I stole five horses, and each of the others two. Then we returned with our horses to the camp of our people. But we did not sleep even one night there. We returned the very day we came, with another party starting out against

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726 the Crow. This time I took three horses. One of our party took a shield, and three each cut loose a horse from a tent. When we returned, we found that our people had moved to Teton, where we finally overtook them with our captured horses.

I started on another trip. Following the Missouri down, we saw the buffalo leaving the river on both sides, showing that some one was coming. We sent out four men to scout, and waited until they came back. They said that whites were coming up the river, dragging a boat. We went to their camp at the mouth of a creek, and were treated well, being given ammunition and tobacco. A Gros Ventre woman captured by the Crow was with the whites on her way back to the Gros Ventre. From her we learned where the Crow were. Some of our party went back up the stream with the whites, but the rest of us crossed the river and went on. We came to where there was a small creek and a high rocky cliff. We stopped there and ate, and rested at night. We were smoking, when one of us said, "A herd of buffalo is coming. I will go and kill one." Another of us said, "First see what it is." He looked, and saw that it was a large party of Crow. We withdrew into the shade of the cliff. The Crow came extremely near, and sat down. They had seen our tracks, and said very little, and that in whispers. One of us said, "I think that it is the Piegan;" for we knew that a party of Piegan were in the neighborhood. Two of the horses of the Crow came so near us that we could have picked up their ropes. Then two men came up to their horses, and, feeling around in the little creek with their whip-handles for water, stooped to drink. One of our men said in Piegan, "Friends." The Crow jumped, ran, and their horses stampeded; we yelled, shot, and pursued, wounding one man. It was bright moonlight; but in the shadow of the cliff we had been invisible to the Crow. Soon the Crow turned and charged us, driving us before them. Then we turned, and drove them; and so on, back and forth. Whenever we got under the cliff and gave our war-yell, the echo strengthened it, and we frightened the Crow back; but the Crow would not leave us, so that we had to put up breastworks to defend ourselves. We fought all night, and at daybreak the Crow left us. Seeing a rocky butte, we said, "We will go up there. This is a bad place. Day is coming on, and if they charge us again, they might kill us." So we went up on the butte, taking with us a number of articles we had captured when the Crow ran the first time. Then we called to the Crow to come on; but they were leaving and went off. So we took charcoal, and made paint of it to put on our faces, and began to dance as a trial; but one of us said, "This does not satisfy me. I am going on." Then the rest of us all decided to go on too. We left what we had captured, taking only the best pieces. We went on to where we had been

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told the Crow were, and found them there. But first we met a party of Gros Ventre and Piegan. They were coming away from the Crow, but now went back with us against them. At night three of us, including myself, tried to get away their horses from two men who were herding, while the rest of the party went into the camp. They captured many horses there; but we three got none, because the herders were watching too closely. Now it was nearly daylight and the rest of our party had gone, and the Crow had discovered the theft. Then we three knew that we could not escape with the rest of the party, for we were unmounted. So we went into the timber not very far from the Crow camp, and hid. During the day a Crow came near us with a large bunch of horses to water them. We said to each other, "When he has watered them, let us each catch a horse, and flee into the mountains." The Crow went back, leaving his horses, and we each took one, — I, a white one; one of the other men, a painted one; and the third, a mouse-colored one. Then we escaped into the mountains without having been seen. We came across another bunch of horses and started to drive them off. Two were hobbled, and I dismounted to cut them loose. A Crow came out of the timber and shouted. He had a gun, but was too frightened to shoot. Thinking there might be others, I jumped on my horse, and we all rode off back on the mountain, leaving the horses we had just found. From the mountain we could see how, when the Crow came to the camp, there was a stir all over it. That night we stole eleven horses. We killed a buffalo, ate, and then went back, with these eleven horses and the three we were riding, to our camp in the mountain. At night we went to get more. Crossing the river, we came to a herd of twenty-three horses, and began to drive them off. Then one of us said, "Something comes up in my mouth that tastes like blood." He had a hemorrhage. Then we ran our horses all night and all the next day, for we were riding good animals. Coming to buffalo, we killed one, and ate. Then we saw the buffalo coming towards us. Watching, we saw that Crow were coming in pursuit of us. They were perhaps a mile away. We fled, and the Crow pursued. Once they would gain, and then we. If we had not had good horses, we should have been killed. Turning suddenly, we went up into a mountain, so that the Crow lost our track. All the next day, however, we fled, and at night came across a camp where a Gros Ventre and a Piegan, on the war-path, were snoring. We waked them, told them that the Crow were pursuing us, and all five of us fled. We fled during the next day. Then we stopped running. These two men had captured a number of horses, so that we had sixty-two in all. I myself had two; my two companions, one each. When we returned, we did not go out for a time. It was now winter.

Then a party started and I went with them. We met five Gros Ventre

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who were bringing ninety horses they had taken from the Crow. From them we learned their location. After about ten days, the Chinook blew, so that the snow was all gone. As we were travelling, we heard a shot in the air above, and said that it must have been Above-Nix'a^{n}t. Some of the five men we had met were going with us. When we came near the Crow camp, we saw the Crow coming out for buffalo, so we returned to our last camp. At night we came again, and took one hundred and eighty-seven horses. I took six fast ones. Then some of our party took this herd home; but I and some others staid there, not yet having had enough. We stole thirty horses, and, sending these back by some of the party, staid to get more. The next time we took forty-one, which we also sent back. The next time we got nine. These we sent back too, and then took seven more. Then we took successively eleven and twelve, and nine more,— all from the same camp. After this we went there four times, but could get no more. Then we came the thirteenth time, and stole ninety. All this was in one trip. Then the Crow found us out, and we had to flee.

I went on another trip against the same band of Crow. A horse stood with his rope leading into a tent. I do not know whether it was tied inside, or held by some one. I cut it loose, jumped on it, and rode off. That was all I took on that trip.

I started out again in autumn. We fought with the Crow, and a Gros Ventre was wounded, being shot through both hips. Nothing else came of that fight.

Then I went out again, and this time stole three horses.

I started out again, and while we were travelling we saw an elk. I went to head it off, but as I could not shoot it I went back. Returning, I could not find my party. It was a large flat, and, hearing shots, I thought my party were shooting elk, when a party of Snakes on horses came towards me. I fled, but being on foot they soon caught up with me and surrounded me. They all shot, and I do not know how it is that they did not hit me. I was numb, and did not think of my gun. Coming to my senses, I seized my gun, and raising it drove them all about. Then I ran to the timber, and, jumping into the brush, stopped short. A Snake with a tomahawk and shield was pursuing me. He saw me as I was raising my gun, and held up his shield before him. I lowered my gun, aimed at his belly, shot, and hit him. Then I ran without stopping, and escaped. Thirteen in our party were killed by the Snakes; but I, though I was alone, escaped. Most of those in our party who were not killed were children, young boys who had gone along.

Again I went out. We were all mounted. Crossing the Yellowstone, we came to the Crow, and about noon charged on the horses that were near

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the camp. The Crow began to shoot, and our party turned; but I continued riding straight on between the Crow camp and the herd of horses, paying no attention to the shots, and succeeded in driving off the entire herd. I had thirteen shots in my shirt, and seven of the eagle-feathers on my shield were cut off by bullets, and my horse was shot through the neck. I was wounded, being creased on the hip. When our party saw me riding on, two of them followed me. One of these was shot in the belly so that his intestines hung out; the other was shot in the arm. So three of our party were wounded, but I only slightly.

I started out again. We were all on horseback. Just north of where the Yellowstone comes into the Missouri, the Crow were about to camp. We killed three, and then went into the timber. The Crow came and made a charge on us, and we fled. So far, I had only led my best horse, but now I rode him. The entire Crow camp pursued us. We also were a large party. As we fled, two of our men on slow horses called to me to come and protect them, for they would be killed. Becoming angry, I turned and rode straight at the Crow. Turning them, I rode among them, scattering them on all sides. The noise of the guns was one continuous roar. I had only a sword with which I slashed and cut. Then I rode back, and the Crow followed me. Two or three times I turned them back. Then a Crow dismounted, aimed, and shot as I swerved my horse. The horse was shot in the ribs. By this time those Gros Ventre who had been the first to flee, had selected a good place to fight, and had thrown up breastworks. Then I went out ahead of the others on foot. The Gros Ventre shot a Crow, and I ran forward and took his gun. I was jumping about constantly, so much did they shoot at me. The Crow charged me, but were not brave enough to drive me back. Two of our men came to me, and we stood below a little ridge. The Crow women shouted, and some of them cried for the dead; but it did them no good. About sunset they stopped fighting, and retreated. Then we got up, put the scalps on a pole, and danced, taunting the Crow. All the Crow women and some of the men cried. At night we started back, and, as we were travelling, two men of the party secretly left us, and went back to steal horses. We waited for them. One of them came back bringing horses, and after a while we saw the other also coming along the edge of the river. He had succeeded in stealing a robe and a shield.

I went out again with a mounted party. Two men went ahead to scout. They went in the wrong direction, and finally saw an Assiniboine camp behind us, not far from where we were camped. Then we turned our attention to it. Two Assiniboine came out from the camp for buffalo, and, looking over the hill, saw us and returned. We now went so near the camp

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159 726 that we could see the children playing. Then I said to the man in the party that had the swiftest horse, "Lend me your horse, and I will charge on the camp and carry off one of the children." So he gave me his horse; but the others in the party said to him, "You ought not to give it to him. He is crazy and will do anything, and will surely be killed." So the man took his horse away from me again. Then we lay in a gully, waiting for an opportunity. Seeing two horses coming from the tents, we made a charge, and captured them. The Assiniboine did not offer to fight. Ours was a large party, and they were afraid. So we captured these two horses in broad daylight. And that was all that happened on that trip.

The Gros Ventre camp moved to the mouth of Milk River, on a point of land. I was sitting in my tent smoking, and decided to look after my horses. When I went out from the camp, some one came running, asking, "Is that you?" When I said, "Yes," he said, "I have seen some one coming." Knowing that he meant strangers, I ran to my tent and got my gun. Going out with my companion, we saw four of the enemy. He shot, but I pursued them without shooting. I separated one from the three others and pursued him, driving him straight towards our camp. He became so frightened that he ran into a tent. Women were inside doctoring. He went behind the doctoring woman and held her around in his arms. I followed him in, and ordered the women to go out, as I wanted to kill the man. Some of them held me; but I said, "He is an enemy, and I will kill him. He may hurt some of you." So they went out, and the man huddled against the wall of the tent. I fired two shots into him. He jumped up and yelled, and I took a double-edged knife and stabbed him. He took a long time to die, lying groaning. I cut off his entire scalp; then the people began to come in. One man cut off the long hair from the knee of the buffalo-skin lying on the bed, thinking it was the man's scalp. The stranger proved to be an Assiniboine. The Crow and Gros Ventre were camped together at the time.

The camp was moving eastward, hunting buffalo. Two companies of soldiers were seen coming, and everybody went to meet them, hoping to get something to eat from them. When the soldiers left, one man with his wife staid with them for the night. In the morning he left the company of soldiers he was with to go to the other one that was camped near by. While going, he was attacked by Piegan, shot and wounded, and only escaped through the nearness of the soldiers. His wife informed the Gros Ventre that her husband had been shot by Piegan. All the Gros Ventre and Crow started out, and soon saw the Piegan going over the hill. They pursued them over a flat. They thought the Piegan a war-party, and did not suspect that they came from a camp near by. They came suddenly on their

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camp, from which all the Piegan now issued, whereupon the Gros Ventre and Crow fled. Their horses were already tired and were becoming exhausted. So some half-Piegan who were with the Crow said that they would make peace. Four of them stopped, motioned, and spoke in Piegan. Then they shook hands with the Piegan. The Gros Ventre meanwhile told those of their men whose horses were most exhausted to continue on, and they did so. The Piegan chief asked if Many-Birds were among the Gros Ventre. He said, "I want to see him. He once saved my life." Then they called back among those who were still fleeing for Many-Birds, and he answered that he was there. A Piegan chief rode up to him and asked him whether his horse was tired. Many-Birds said, "Yes." The Piegan told him, "Take mine. It is fresh. You helped me, and I want to save your life, for the Piegan might still attack you. But they are my children, and I do not think they will." So he exchanged horses with Many-Birds, and gave him his gun and powder-horn also. Then they parted, and all returned except the four half-Piegan, who went with the Piegan. In the evening three of these returned to the Crow, but the fourth one staid with the Piegan over night. In the morning, when he started to return, he met one of the other three. This man (who was really a Crow that had been captured by the Piegan, but had gone back and lived again with the Crow) now had stolen a herd of horses, and was fleeing once more to the Piegan. The one who was returning to the Crow suspected what he had done, and thought that he might try to shoot himself. The traitor did suddenly shoot; but the other was prepared, saw him, and ducked behind his horse. After the shot, he pursued the other man, who fled; but, his horse stumbling, he fell, and the pursuer shot him. Thereupon he drove the stolen horses back to the Crow camp and told that he had killed the traitor. Then the man's relatives went out, buried him, and mourned over him; but the rest of the camp celebrated over his death. That night, after the dance was over, all agreed that it would be well to watch for the Piegan. So the men all watched. I sat by my hobbled horse. Suddenly close by me I saw the flame of a gun and heard a shot. I ran toward the place, but three or four were already upon the man and had struck him. When I reached him, he kicked me in the breast. Seizing his foot, I cut it off with my knife. So we killed him. We never knew of what tribe he was. He was dressed very poorly, with ragged leggings.

We were moving down along Milk River, and made the crazy-dance. A party of Gros Ventre went to war together with some Bloods. Very soon after they started, one of each tribe in the party was killed. The others returned, and the parents of the dead men mourned. I still had the paint of the crazy-dance on me. Then an old man called to me, "Why do you sit still? You ought to pity your mourning grandfather. Go in advance

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of the camp to scout." So I went ahead of the camp as it moved At the mouth of People's Creek I crossed the river with two companions. Then we saw buffalo. I sent one man to drive them towards myself and my other companion. He drove them, and we ran the buffalo and killed one. We began to cut it up. Then I started to go on with one of my companions while the other finished cutting up the meat. Then he followed us. Looking back as we rode over a ridge, we saw two men on foot approaching him. We motioned and shouted to him, and when he came up asked him, "Did you see nothing?" He said that he had not, and we told him that two men had nearly succeeded in killing him. He had had no cause for suspicion, since the buffalo all about him were still and unalarmed. Then I said, "These are the men that did the killing a few days ago. Now we will take revenge. We have the advantage, for we are three to two. Each of you will take a powder-horn, but I will take both their guns." Then the two men came towards us without offering to fight, and I went to meet them. I shook hands with one and took away his gun, shook hands with the other and took his gun too. Then I said to my companions, "Now is your chance to kill them." But they would not do so. They did not want me to have both guns. So I said, "If you will not kill them, let us take them to the camp and feed them to the dogs." So I took one on my horse, and one of my companions took the other, and we rode double. I made the one with me shoot off his gun. I thought that when he came to be killed, he might hurt some one in the camp. And I told my companion to make the one with him shoot off his gun also, which he did. Now both their guns were empty. We came near the camp, called out, and at once the whole camp became lit up. It was night. The chief came, and asked, "What is it?" I said, "I have your enemies. I bring your food." Then the chief called out, "Bull-Robe has brought your enemies. Do with them as you please." Then the man mourning for the killed Gros Ventre came out, and I told him, "Take your revenge;" but he would not kill them. They took the two men into the camp and set them free. They were Assiniboine.

I started again to go to war. There were Crow and Cree and Assiniboine and Gros Ventre in our party. We saw the Piegan camp. We dressed in our war-ornaments, and I tied up my horse's tail. Then the leader of the party called me a coward, and said I only fought when I was drunk. Taking my whip, I held it to my mouth like a bottle, as if drinking. "Well, now I am drunk," I said. "I will show you what I will do. You will go your way, and I will go mine." Accompanied by a Crow, I went toward the Piegan camp. The remainder of the party approached the camp from all directions. A Piegan came out, and when he was some distance from the camp we two charged on him. I was in the lead, but my horse stepped

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into a hole, stumbled, and lost his gait; and the Crow passed me, struck the Piegan, and shot him. The Piegan fell, started to get up again, and I jumped on him astride his body, cut his head and took his scalp. Then we fled. Seeing some of our party, I called to them, "This is the way to do. That chief is nothing." As we fled we saw the Piegan sitting up, holding the skin of his forehead with his hand in order to raise his eyebrows from his eyes so that he could see. The blood was spurting from him the length of this room. So I said, "You had better kill the poor fellow. He is still sitting up." Then some of us went back and killed him. We returned, and celebrated our victory.

I went with another war-party to Sweet-grass Hills, in the Piegan country. In the morning, as we were going, I smelled something like distant fire. "I smell something like fire," I said. They said to me, "You smell something in your nose." So we joked one another until all of them smelled it. Then we sent out a scout. He came back, and reported that a hunting-party was off to the left of our route, and that they were packing up to move. Then I said, "Let us go ahead of them to a place where they will pass, and charge on them." We went down a ravine until we came to where it spread out and was flat. There we lay down, and one of us watched if the Piegan were coming. When we asked him if the Piegan had come, he said, "No." Some of them had already passed by. Either he had not seen them, or he did not want to announce it. Then hearing something like talking, and thinking, "That sounds like talking," I raised my head, looked, and saw part of them already gone by. So saying, "Only dogs stand and watch their food," I charged and the rest followed. The Piegan had their horses loaded with meat. As we came, the women ran, scattering and screaming. Seeing fifteen loaded horses, some of them painted horses, I went to drive them back. The Piegan men who were in advance now came back, charging us, surrounding me, shooting, and trying to drive me away from the horses; but I would not leave them, however much they shot, and kept driving the horses into the ravine. Then Many-Birds came to me, saying, "I am with you to stand by you." Taking the rope of one of the horses I was driving, I gave it to him, telling him not to let it go. This was in the morning, and we fought all day. The Piegan made their camp near by. It was a hot day, and having no water we suffered much from thirst. We unloaded meat from the horses, cooked some of it, and ate. We tied some of the horses fast, but some of them we could not tie; and part of these the Piegan recaptured. We killed three Piegan, but the Piegan secured their bodies. Two Gros Ventre were wounded; one of them low in the leg, the other creased in the back. In the evening we went to a rocky hill, having taken what meat we wanted and left the rest on the ground. Instead of

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● 159 going on, we stopped behind the hill. When the Piegan rode up to the meat in order to recover it, we gave them a volley, shooting several of them off their horses. They fled; but we rode on, looking for water, until we came to a creek, where we sat drinking a little at a time, quenching our thirst. Then we went home.

I started to go to war again. We found a Piegan camp, and approached it. The others did not want to charge, as the distance to the camp and back again to a place of safety was too great. Then I was going to make the charge alone. Some of our party happened to see five Piegan hunting a buffalo, and called to me what they had seen, telling me to come. So I rode in that direction, but did not see the Piegan. When I came near, I saw them riding toward the timber, and at once rode after them. The Piegan jumped off their horses and abandoned them, making for the timber; but I headed them off just before they reached it. One Piegan was in the brush on the ground, and I tried to ride him over. The brush was in the way, and my horse jumped over him. As I passed, I struck at him with my lance, and he shot up at me; but we missed. Then I went at him again. The Piegan had his gun aimed at me; but I rode straight on and pierced him in the breast, so that he shot to one side. Another one came for me with an arrow on his bow. I pierced him in the breast also, so that he dropped his bow. Then my party reached the place and killed the other three, I having killed the first two. We took the scalps of the five men and everything that they had.

When I went out again we saw smoke of a camp. Then we prepared ourselves and painted. A Crow in the party had his little boy with him, who was old enough to ride his horse well. The man took a large shell gorget from his throat, which he wore as an amulet, and now gave it to his son. Then the boy said, "You want me to do something great. I am only a little boy, but I will do something. You must not mourn for me if I am killed. Tell my mother not to cut her hair except a little, for I do not like it if people cut their hair." Then his father gave him a crooked lance; and the boy ripped and tore off his leggings and his shirt, and they put him on a horse. Suddenly the boy hit his father's hand with the whip, so that he let go the bridle, and then shot ahead. I was leading, but the boy went past me. I did not try to keep ahead of him, but let him go to see what he would do. Then we saw that the people were whites; but the boy kept riding straight on. He charged a shelter and rode right over it; but the men who had been in it had already started, and were on their way. The boy kept on and rode up to them, and, as they stepped aside for him, he struck one of them across the back with his crook. Then we staid with these whites over night. In the morning we went on, and soon saw what looked like a party with wagons.

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We went to see. They were Indians on horseback, riding so close together that they looked like wagons. They went into a place where we could not well attack them, and we went on. Then we came near Fort Benton. To avoid being seen, we had to ride along a bank near the river, sometimes in the water. A companion and I raised bunches of sage-brush, and lay behind them on the top of a bluff, watching. We saw two mounted men leaving the trading-post. We went back and told the party, and I said, "I will charge on them." All wanted to be with me. I told them, "You do not know your hearts, but you say you want to charge." I went ahead, and, when we came on the ridge, saw the two men riding slowly along. I signed to the party to be quiet; but when they came up on the ridge they gave a war-yell, and the two men fled. I was already near them, and gained on them. Riding up, I struck one across the face with my whip. He had drawn his gun on me, but it was too late to shoot. After I had struck him, I wrenched his gun from him and stuck it through my belt. Seizing him by the hair, I swung my horse against his, and threw him off, then let him fall. Then I pursued the other. Him also I whipped in the face twice. He too was going to shoot, but when I struck him he could not see anything. I could have wrenched his gun away also, but did not do so. I seized his hair, and dragged him off his horse by swerving mine into his. Following up the horse, I caught it and led it back. Then I saw a great fight in the flat below. Giving my captured horse to one of my men, I went straight at the enemy, who were unmounted Bloods. They were in a line, and I went to ride past their front. I galloped down the middle towards them, and they all fired at me. Then, knowing that their guns were empty, I rode straight into them, knocking them in all directions. Perhaps my horse did it. I counted that I struck seven. Then I rode for my life. We were still fighting, when a white man came and told us to stop. He said to us Gros Ventre, "You have already beaten them enough." So we stopped, and all went to the fort. On our way, I alone charged on the Bloods, and struck an elderly man and his wife. We started to go into the enclosure at the fort, when the gates were shut on us while most of our party were still outside. They had the captured Bloods' horses, and among them, unknown to us, some horses belonging to the whites. Then they let me go out to bring back our men with the whites' horses. Two of our party had already gone off with two mules, but we drove the remainder into a corral. There were so many horses that it could hardly be told to whom they belonged. Then we all camped together, Crow and Gros Ventre and Bloods. There was a Crow woman with the party. A young good-looking Blood became enamoured of her, and made advances to her. She told the Crow, who said to her, "Proceed with him, and we will kill him." Then she went out on the

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159 726 prairie, and he followed and met her. This she did three or four times, until he was very much in love with her and wanted to marry her. She said that if he would go with her, she would marry him. He was afraid of the Gros Ventre. Then the Crow told us to go in advance, in order that he might go with them. The whites distributed food, guns, ammunition, and blankets among us all. Then we Gros Ventre went off, but lay down behind a ridge. The Crow gave the Blood four horses for himself and his wife, and they started to go to the Missouri. The man whose wife this woman was pretended that she was not his wife. He rode alongside, and, when the Blood's attention was directed elsewhere, killed him. Then we Gros Ventre and those of the Crow with us came out from where we had been hiding behind the hill, and danced, while the remaining Crow brought his scalp. From there we went home. We crossed the Missouri at a place called Magpie Tail, where there are steep hills. We came on a Crow camp, and made a charge on it. One of the Crow charged into it, striking and whipping every one, as if out of his senses. One of the men in camp became angry, pulled him off his horse, hit him, kicked him, and pulled his hair. The man who had charged got up laughing.

Watches-All's Narrative.

Once I gambled with a Crow woman and lost my beads, and my mother made me cry. The next day a war-party started out, and, because my mother had made me cry, I went with them. All of the party were on foot, except two (women?) on horseback. After we had stopped for the night twice, my mother came after me with a horse for me to ride. We went northward against the Piegan. When we came to mountains, all the women in the party went out to pick choke-cherries. The road was impassable from mud, and it was stormy. Some young men climbed the mountain to look for camps. It was snowing hard and they could not see far; but in the afternoon it cleared, and with a telescope they could see a camp in the distance. They measured it with a ramrod. They went back to the party howling like coyotes, and zigzagging in their course. The women in the party stood in line, and sang. When they came near, the scouts rode about in a circle until one of the party went to them and brought them. Then they reported what they had seen. Then the whole party painted and danced and sang, preparing for the fight. In the evening we started, and travelled all night. One man had a ghost-bone (a human femur). [787] While I was asleep, he summoned the ghost. "What is it?" said the ghost. "Are there many people in the Piegan camp?" asked the man. The ghost said, "There are as many as grass. I give you two persons, also some horses

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to steal. Let those who are on foot go back from here, and let the few who are mounted go on against the camp. They will do well, and kill two people, and capture horses. But if all go, a great many will be killed." The next morning my mother told me this. The party, however, were not influenced at all by what the ghost said, and went on. When we came near, two young men killed a Piegan called Sits-in-the-Middle and his wife. Then our party killed two more Piegan close by their camp, but, as one of the men stooped to strike the fallen Piegan, the Piegan stabbed him in the back over the kidney, making a hole large enough to breathe through. We tied him around with gunny sacks. Thus we killed three men and a woman. Then all the Piegan attacked us. I saw more people than ever before. They came like ants, and the smoke hung as over a smelter. Two of the Gros Ventre drove all of our party, even the women, against the Piegan to make them fight. A Gros Ventre was shot through the thigh-bone, and fell from his horse. He stuck his crooked lance in the ground and sat there; and all his brothers went to help him so that he would not be killed soon. And all the Piegan attacked him. Just as one of them dashed up to strike him, he raised his gun and shot him. Another and another came up, until he had killed six. Then he himself was killed. Then some of the Gros Ventre said, "Let us lead them after us from their camp." The Gros Ventre started to run, and the Piegan pursued. The Gros Ventre who were mounted ran their horses as hard as they could. They never stopped running, and a great many of those who were on foot were killed. I was riding behind another woman. Our horse stepped into a hole, and pitched forward. The woman was thrown off, but I was thrown into the saddle. The horse started up again, but stepped on his bridle, which checked him. A Piegan rode up and struck me with his gun. Then he took my wrist, and I dismounted as he did. Another one came, and, after striking me too, took off my bead necklace. The one who had captured me took me back as far as it is from here to the river (about thirty miles). We saw bodies of Gros Ventre as we went back to camp. We came to the camp about noon. Everybody struck me. All day they came and hit me, and one man hit me on the forehead and nearly killed me. A Piegan woman tied up my head. I wore a fine dress covered with elk-teeth. I took it off, and a Piegan woman took it away. Then the Piegan directed their people to gather all the captives. They asked them if the Gros Ventre had done anything to Sits-in-the-Middle, who had been found in an indecent position with his wife. The captives all said that the Gros Ventre would not do such a thing, and the Piegan were satisfied. Eight Piegan, all prominent men, had been killed.

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When our party returned, my father asked where I was. Some one told him that a Piegan had taken me back to his camp. Then my father said

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to my mother, who had returned safely, "Go and bring my daughter, or I will kill you." So my mother came alone to the Piegan. When she arrived, there was a big noise. Then a chief came out of his tent with only his knife, and called out, "Do not kill that woman!" Then she went to where the captives were. The man who had captured me, No-Chief, said aloud, "I pity this woman. I will treat her well. Every one all over the world hears it. I will take good care of her." Another Piegan took my mother. Then they brought me to a tent where there were a pipe, a pipe-stem, a knife, and a gun, and two men sitting, who both claimed me. I was told to say which of them had captured me. I held up my hand and told how my horse had stumbled, and how this one, who was No-Chief, had captured me, and how the other one had taken my beads. Then the other one tried to kill me. Some Piegan women hid me. In the morning the Piegan broke camp. I had no moccasins, no robe, and only one dress. No-Chief always rode around me, and protected me from the many people who wanted to kill me. He had taken me for his wife, and would not allow it. When we were camped, he rode over to the tent where my mother was, and told her to come at night to his tent. He would give her and me horses to ride, in order to flee, and would give us clothing and a piece of tobacco, which we were to cut in two, and each of us to give half to her husband. My mother agreed, and he came back; but that night my mother did not come. In the morning a man rode around the camp, crying, "Bring out all the captives. I will put them on my son's grave." Then the women hid me. The other Gros Ventre captives were also hidden. Fourteen of them were saved, but four were killed. Then they brought all the spoils to the middle of the camp, and counted them. They counted how many pieces had been captured, how many horses had been taken, and how many Gros Ventre had been killed. They who had done most became chiefs.

Then No-Chief, my husband, said to me, "If any one wants to buy you from me, I will sell you." Then my mother persuaded a Piegan to buy me. I was angry when No-Chief sold me for two horses. I staid with this other man. Sometimes people still tried to kill me, and he kept them from me. Then we came to Elk River, where there was an encampment of soldiers. The soldiers tried to persuade the Piegan to sell them all their slaves. One Piegan rode around the camp, crying, "Sell all the slaves. They will run off anyway. We cannot keep them." But at night all moved away, and none sold their captives. I always took care of my husband's little boy, and did my work, and got along well. A white man tried to buy me; but my husband did not sell me. I asked the white man not to try to buy me, as I wanted to return home. Another Gros Ventre woman who had been captured persuaded her husband's little boy to ask him to let her go. The

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boy asked his father, and the man told her that she could go after tanning ten hides. She prepared the skins, made herself moccasins, took pemmican with her, and went. Her husband did not give her a horse, because many Piegans were then scattered through the country, and would more readily see her if mounted. That winter I staid with the Piegan. We went to the Sweet-grass Hills and killed all the buffalo we needed. About the time the snow thawed, we went back to the former place. Once a Piegan came to get men to reinforce his party, who were attacking a Gros Ventre camp; but the same night the Gros Ventre fled, leaving a dead man and one who had been shot through the leg. These were all that the Piegan found next morning. Two Piegan had also been killed.

Then I went with my husband hunting buffalo. A shot was heard from the top of a mountain, and our party went back. It was a rainy day. Then Bear-Head, a Piegan, took two Gros Ventre women to the foot of the mountain and made them call out, "Come down! Here is something to eat." He wanted to find out of what tribe those on the mountain were; but there was no answer. That night the people on the mountain, who were Gros Ventre, came and stole horses from the camp. The Bloods also stole horses. The Piegan followed their tracks, and killed two of them; but they did not follow the Gros Ventre. Then we went to a place called Needle-Nest, then to Large-Rock, then to White-Wolf, where a Gros Ventre had once made the sun-dance lodge. Then two Gros Ventre women ran away and escaped. From there we went to another place. When we made camp I went for wood with my sister, a Piegan co-wife. Then my sister sent me to my mother, whose husband had just killed a [illegible]. I went there; and my mother's sister (co-wife) told her, "Cook some [illegible] for your daughter." Then I brought back meat to my husband; but my mother's husband was stingy with his meat, and scolded her. Then his Piegan wife said to my mother, "You and your daughter are living poorly. You had better run off." So when I brought back the plates (on which the meat had been carried), my mother said she would escape with me that night. She said she would wait for me all night. She told me to leave my moccasins with her, and I left them. Then my husband whipped me because he thought that I would run off. He told me not to sleep all night, but to sit up straight. Toward morning, while my two sisters slept, I ran out. My mother was waiting for me, and we ran to the creek, over the hills and down again. It stopped raining, and soon it became day. We dug a hole and got into it, and hid all day. At night we ran on again. It was cloudy and dark. We were near Cow Creek. An owl called in the woods. My mother said the owl was calling us, so we went there. It became day, but we went on. We were out of the timber when we saw people coming, so we ran back and

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159 hid. At night it rained again, and was so dark that we could see only by the lightning. I was walking with two sticks. We came to the mouth of Cow Creek, where the banks were high and steep, and slid down. I was thirsty, but could not reach the water: so my mother held my wrist while I scooped downward with the other hand and thus got a little water. We heard the beavers working. Then a steamboat came by up the river (the Missouri). My mother was asleep, but I was awake. Then we crossed Cow Creek at the very mouth, and on the other side of the stream found a piece of gunny sack. I took this for a robe, and gave mine to my mother. We saw another boat going up the river, and my mother wanted us to get on it and go back to Fort Benton, as she wanted to sell me to the whites. Then I held my mother fast in the brush, for I did not want to go, and said, "There are many Piegan women there, and we will be known and taken back." I got out my knife and tried to kill my mother, because I did not want to go. Then we followed the Missouri down along the north side during that day. Soon we saw a bear asleep. We made a circuit around him, came back into the timber, and went on. We saw smoke down the river, and another steamboat came, and we hid in the brush. The boat stopped and unloaded near where we were. Being thirsty, we had gone to the river to drink and wash, and saw the boat. Then we started to run to it. I threw away my gunny-sack robe. Our moccasins were gone. Then we saw Crow and a Gros Ventre woman on the boat. It had started before we reached it, but we called out to it and it came back for us. The boat took us across the river at a bend of the Missouri, where there was a store and a saloon and a camp of Crow. The Crow women pitied us and cried over us because we were so poor, and laid down many robes for us to sit on, and felt the sores on our feet. The storekeeper had a Gros Ventre wife. She had been down the river visiting, and was the woman on the boat. This man opened a keg, and gave us whiskey. We drank some and then more. My mother became unconscious, but I was still drinking, sitting up and telling of our escape.

There was an officer (soldier-chief) at the Bend whose Piegan wife had run off to Fort Benton. He was leaving to go after her, and gave us sugar, cloth, blankets, and a sack full of meat, which he told us to get from the root-house. While we were staying here, my mother asked the trader's Gros Ventre wife to go with us to scrape juice from the inside of cottonwood-bark. The woman refused, being afraid of the Sioux, but we urged her, and at last she went. We were scraping, and the trader's wife was bending down. When she looked up, she saw Sioux on the hill. "Didn't I tell you the Sioux would come? Let us run back," she said. We ran. The woman fell. We raised her up and ran on. Again she fell, being frightened nearly

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to death. We turned and ran back and picked her up, and ran on until we reached the store. The Sioux and the white man exchanged shots, but they were too far apart. The Sioux went on and killed a white man who was employed in cutting wood for the steamboats, and who had just shot a bear. They laid this man in the fire and burned him up, so that only his legs were found. After this we women were afraid to go even a very short distance from the store. Then the Crow swam their horses to the north side of the river. In the river a white horse stopped, went down, came up again, and went down; a baxau[n] took it. 159●

Then my mother said that she was tired of staying there, and with a Gros Ventre, Bull-Lodge (there being ten of us in all, six men and four women), we went down the river on the boat. Then the boat stuck and had to back. The buffalo crossed the Missouri, and the whites on board caught them by the horns, cut their throats, and dragged them ashore. Then we had a big feast of ribs and paunches and the best parts. We went on, and stopped at the mouth of Milk River. There Bull-Lodge set up his tent, but I and my mother slept on the boat. The next day we all went up Milk River on foot; only Bull-Lodge and his wife were on horses. We kept on the trail, and came to a recent camp-site. The Gros Ventre and Assiniboine were then at war. One of our party, looking back and seeing some persons coming, asked Bull-Lodge for his horse to scout. Riding back, he saw that six buffalo were coming towards us. That evening Bull-Lodge and his wife went on, while the rest of us went to sleep where we were. Bull-Lodge travelled during the night and reached the Gros Ventre camp, where the old men were still awake smoking. He told my brother that my mother and I were behind and that he had better bring us and the others horses. Then the people came and brought us, and all were glad to see us again.

PERSONAL SUPERNATURAL POWERS.

Men went out to fast with the intention of becoming doctors, or receiving miraculous powers. They did not go as boys, but after they had reached manhood. Not all men tried to acquire such powers, and some of those that did failed. They went to hills and high places, usually high up on mountains, among the rocks above the timber. In such a place they would make a shelter in which to sleep. Then they remained fasting and without drinking water for one or two or more often four or five nights. A Crow who staid seven nights and nearly died, being extremely thin when he returned, was regarded as extremely powerful. It was thought that he could accomplish almost any wish by merely expressing it. Besides fasting, a man cried 787

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It seems impossible to tell at present whether these and the additional ones that there may have been, all existed contemporaneously, or whether some grew up as others died out. The last few named are doubtful as true companies. The Indians sometimes include the dances themselves among these companies, calling their members "flies," "dogs," "kit-fox men," and so on. This is, of course, a cross-division, as each of the numerous companies in turn makes, for instance, the fly-dance. During and after the ceremony its members are called "flies," as well as by the name of their company. As there is a star-dance, it is therefore possible that there was no true star company. The sword-wands and war-spikes are also somewhat doubtful. These names refer to objects used as regalia in the Arapaho first dance and in part in the Gros Ventre fifth dance. The participants in the Gros Ventre fifth dance, it seems, were also called by the latter name. It is therefore probable that these two names refer to dances and not to real companies.

The companies held together, to a certain extent, outside of their dances. They were likely to act together in war, and there was a spirit of rivalry between them. In the sun-dance, and possibly on other ceremonial occasions, the younger men of the tribe took part in certain actions by companies.

The following specific statements of the ceremonial experiences of a few of the old men of the tribe alive in 1901 will make the general scheme of the organization more concrete.

A man known as Bill Jones, reputed to be the oldest man in the tribe, belonged to the "big-belly" company. Of this, only one other member survived at that date. He himself had been keeper of one of the sacred pipes; and he and his "big-belly" companion, together with the five survivors of the next oldest company, were spoken of as the seven oldest men of the tribe. As all the Gros Ventre ceremonies have been discontinued, it is not possible to deduce from this statement with certainty that these seven men would in former times have constituted a definite body with distinct ceremonial powers and observances, like the Arapaho water-sprinkling old men. This man had made the fly-dance, the crazy-dance twice, the kit-fox dance twice, the dog-dance, and the nana"naha"w". He had not made the biitaha"w". Younger men than himself have seen this; but it appears to have been abandoned some time before he became of age to take part in it. He had made the star-dance before the fly-dance. He had also taken the part of the man who shoots a buffalo (in the women's dance?).

Bull-Robe, now dead, a renowned warrior, belonged to the next age-company, "those-who-eat-to-last-all-night." He had made the fly-dance, the crazy-dance, the kit-fox dance, and the dog-dance. The nana"naha"w" seems to have been discontinued before he reached it. In the first three of his dances he was one of the leaders, or recipients of special degrees.

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159 561 796 Subsequently he was a "grandfather" in the crazy-dance, but in none of the other ceremonies. He never participated in the sun-dance, having had no occasion to do so, he said. Nevertheless he once was the man selected during the sun-dance to kill a buffalo with one arrow, the buffalo's skin being cut up into thongs with which the rafters of the lodge are fastened. He succeeded in killing the buffalo with one arrow.

Another man, now middle-aged, belonged to the "holding-to-a-dog's-tail" company. He made successively the fly-dance, the star-dance, and then the crazy-dance.

Star and War Dances.

171 561 796 575 [177] At present the organization into comparatively small companies is no longer maintained. In its place there is a division of the young men of the tribe into two groups, one of which practises, or did until recently, the star-dance; the other, the grass or war dance. The latter is universally stated to be a recent importation from the Sioux, apparently within the present generation. The star-dance, however, is an old ceremony, it is claimed; and this assertion is borne out by the occurrence among the Arapaho of the analogous star-dance. Among the Arapaho the star-dance, like the kit-fox dance, is a preliminary which appears to be gone through by all the men of the tribe, but has neither the standing, the organization, nor the definite observances and regalia of the subsequent ceremonies. Among the Gros Ventre the star-dance was formerly also outside the regular series of dances. It is generally spoken of as having been a warrior dance, made at any time and on any suitable occasion, and without the rigorously prescribed course of other dances. Some men seem to have made it before the fly-dance, and others afterward. Even in former times, however, before the war-dance had come among the Gros Ventre, the star-dance included only part of the young men of the tribe. The old men surviving from certain companies have never taken part in the star-dance, and explain this by the fact that there was rivalry between their company and the star-dancers. It might thus, perhaps, seem that a star company had a ceremony of its own, the star-dance, from which the members of rival companies naturally held aloof; but it is very improbable that only one age-company parallel to the others, and none of these others, should have had a distinctive ceremony. It is also improbable that this company, being one of many, should have been so large as to include about half of the men of the tribe, for it appears that some such large proportion took part in the star-dance. This makes it almost impossible to believe that there existed a star company exactly

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778 History" (Vol. XVIII, p. 443, Fig. 176). Fig. 44 shows a small Gros Ventre specimen attached to a thong, for wear around the neck. The entire stone is tightly incased in a piece of skin which preserves the form so closely as to be scarcely noticeable. At the lower end of the stone is a small fringe of skin. Skin and thong are painted over red.

BELIEFS ABOUT THE DEAD.

775 Dead people go to a barren region in the north. People have been there, but the ghosts are invisible. The dead are often heard whistling, speaking, and calling about human habitations; houses and tents may be closed, but still they are heard. They speak as a living person would, and people in return ask them questions. When at war, people often ask the ghosts what luck they will have, or where the enemy are. The dead always tell the truth, and, if they say one of the party will be injured, it always happens. The ghosts are never seen, but only heard. Sometimes, if a medicine-man asks one of his spirits to bring him a dead relative, the door is heard moving, and after a time the spirit returns with the dead person, who, when he is asked questions, answers. Every one who is present can hear him plainly. Sometimes, on the arrival of the person, a noise like the whirring of wings is heard. Then there is a tapping at the top of the tent-poles. Then the tapping moves about the tent. Now it may be at the door, now at the back of the tent. When a ghost or spirit is seen, as occasionally happens, it is only for a glimpse.

If a man keeps a tooth or a bone of a dead person, after a time the spirit of that person appears to him. Some ghosts lie, but some are truthful. A man who controls a ghost, or a medicine-man who has a spirit, can see it; but it is invisible to other people. It is summoned only in the dark. People who have lost horses bring a pipe to a man that has a spirit, and pay him. Then he calls his spirit, and it tells where the horses are. If people try to ascertain by the help of a medicine-man where they have lost a small valued object, the spirit may throw it at them. Stolen property is found in the same way. A ghost or spirit is called "untrue person."

159 775 An old man who has been several times quoted tells the following: "I once died. I think that Above-Nix'a"t pitied me, and let me live to be an old man. I was very sick with cramps and fits. The camp was moving, and the last I remember was that the tents were being pitched. Then I knew nothing about it; but the people were mourning for me and had put paint and my best clothes on me. I was travelling. I went north until I came to the Cypress Hills. There on the hills I saw two bears going into

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their holes, in which they had fires. I started to go around where they were, but when I came abreast of their holes one of the bears pursued me and caught me by the leg. I turned and seized it by the ear, and saw that it was a very small bear. Then I continued on my way, the bear clinging to my thigh, and I holding its ear. I went on until I came to a creek where there was an enormous camp, the largest I have ever seen, stretched as far as I could look up the creek. Those in advance were just setting up their tents. I went to the first tent I came to, which was a large one. A number of naked men were sitting there, each of them with some weapon. By the door a woman sat cooking. The men called out to her to catch me, that they would eat me. I ran out, and she after me. She caught me by the robe, but I loosened myself and ran back. Then my relatives, who were kissing me, noticed that I was breathing, and said, 'He is alive.' Then I recovered my speech, but I was still out of my senses. They told me later that I argued with my relatives, insisting that I had brought a bear, and asking them where it was. The next day, when my senses returned, the back of my thigh itched where the bear had been. Still later, when I had more nearly recovered, I saw the tent in which I was, full of people that I could not recognize. Then I lost my senses once more, and became so strong that they could not hold me. It was a long time before I entirely recovered. All this happened to me while I was still a young man, soon after I was married."

An old man tells that once he was going from one camp to another at night, when suddenly he heard a humming of a stone like a bullet, which struck in front of him. He was frightened, but did not run. Another stone flew over his head so close that he felt the wind it made. Then he ran.

On another occasion he was mourning for one of his sons. In the evening he went to one of his friends. It was already dark, and he had to pass through the brush. Then he heard a noise as of canvas being dragged over the brush, and there was loud whistling. He was not frightened, but stopped and said, "You should pity me. I am mourning." Then it shouted "Yes" loudly, and the noise stopped.

At another time he saw a ghost's light. An old man who had died had been buried in a tree. The narrator with six other men was driving horses past that they had captured, when they saw a flame on the dead body.

A man tells how he was once in an isolated tent, far from any camp. He was leaning against a tent-pole listening to those in the tent who were talking and smoking. Suddenly, close by his ear, there was a loud whistle which made him jump to his feet. The others all heard it also, and asked, "Who was that?" Going outside, they could find no one, and knew that it had been a spirit.

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APPENDIX

THE CHIEF INFORMANTS

The Boy gave the greater bulk of information on religious and political aspects of Gros Ventre culture. He was born in 1870, one of the younger sons of Lame Bull (b. ca. 1825—d. 1908), and grandson of Crow Moccasin (whose other name was Bird Chief, b. ca. 1795—d. 1865), a signer of the 1855 Treaty. When The Boy was a very young child his father, a prominent warrior and well-to-do man, became Keeper of one of the sacred pipes—the Flat Pipe. As a boy and young man, The Boy, who was very much interested in the ceremonial and other aspects of his culture, spent as much time as possible with his father and his father's friends, listening to their discussions. In private he questioned his father repeatedly and thus he acquired a wide and deep knowledge of the Gros Ventre way of life as it was before the buffalo disappeared. Although he did well during the one year of boarding school he had at St. Peter's, he was very unhappy there, and did not enter the newly opened Mission School of St. Paul's although his father wished him to do so. He is an extremely intelligent man with marked philosophical trend of mind. In spite of his unwillingness to speak English, he became a natural leader among the Gros Ventres and served his people in many different capacities. At present he is the "grand old man" of the Gros Ventres and is appealed to when any question regarding the past arises. His statement in regard to his knowledge of the 1855 Treaty, for instance, is acknowledged as weighty evidence in the present Gros Ventre claims against the Government which are now awaiting settlement. Without The Boy's drive to have the old way of life recorded, this work could not have been accomplished.

Thick (b. ca. 1870—d. 1951) was well-versed in the old culture. It was his father who was responsible for putting on the last Sacrifice Dance (Sun Dance) held by the Gros Ventres in 1884. Thick's maternal uncle took advantage of his prerogative to raise his sister's children and removed Thick from his parental home at about the age of seven and kept him under supervision until Thick was a young man. Compared to his elder brother, Horse Capture, Thick was somewhat shy and retiring, entering into the public social life of the Gros Ventres only after his brother finally persuaded him to do so. A considerable amount of the material given to Dr. Cooper was related by The Boy in Thick's presence, and Thick either agreed with what had been said, or, if he disagreed, he did not hesitate to speak up. Since he and The Boy were brothers-in-law and maintained their respectful relationship, there were a number of topics which they could not discuss in each other's presence. Consequently there were many occasions when Thick worked independently of The Boy, both with Father Cooper and with me. Thick never attended school, and, like The Boy, did not speak English.

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Charles Buckman (b. ca. 1875—d. 1949), whose nickname was John, was brought up by his mother's people. He had considerable knowledge of the old way of life and his childhood training and experience remained vivid in his memory in spite of the fact that he was educated at the boarding school at St. Paul's Mission on the Reservation. He enjoyed reading the newspapers and listening to the radio and was equally interested in discussing the old way of life of the Gros Ventres and the latest developments in world politics. His services as interpreter and informant were utilized especially in many of the sessions that Dr. Cooper had jointly with Thick and The Boy. Thick found him an especially congenial interpreter. He was prominent in the public life of the Reservation and held several different offices.

Thomas Main (b. 1890) made a very extensive contribution to the record of Gros Ventre way of life in his capacity as chief interpreter. He, like Charles Buckman, was a half-orphan and was raised by his mother's people. The Boy is his maternal uncle and has exerted a considerable influence on Tom. His knowledge of the old way of life comes, too, through his old "grandmothers" for whom as a child he ran errands and who rewarded him by long stories of the "old times." He was educated at St. Paul's Mission School and has always been a great reader—for years he has kept in touch with current developments not only through the usual media, but also through daily reading of the Congressional Record. His unusually good command of English, coupled with a real linguistic sense, makes him an ideal interpreter. He has been extremely patient with our efforts to take down Gros Ventre texts, and was never too hurried to explain the metaphorical expressions in which the Gros Ventre language abounds. He has taken an active part in tribal affairs and is often selected as spokesman for the Gros Ventres at the local, state, and national levels.

Al Chandler (b. ca. 1870) gave valuable information, especially in view of the fact that his relatives participated more fully in the rites connected with the Feathered Pipe rather than with those of the Flat Pipe. This helped very much to round out the picture of ceremonial aspects of Gros Ventre life. He was educated at St. Paul's Mission School and, like Tom Main, was able to convey in English some of the finer nuances of the Gros Ventre language. Ill health prevented his giving us as many interviews as we should have liked to have had with him.

Coming Daylight (b. 1854—d. 1949) was also known by another of her names, Taken A Prisoner, and her childhood nickname had been Yellow Hair. In spite of her advanced age in 1940, she was a vigorous old woman in full possession of her faculties and had her own house independently of any of her many relatives. She maintained throughout the years her reputation for industry, generosity and hospitality and was highly respected. She was very much interested in the taking of the record of the old way of life and gave most freely of her personal experiences, and referred as well to what she had heard from her uncle, her grandmother and other older people whose experiences extended further into the past than her own. She had been orphaned at an early age and was brought up by a strict old

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grandmother under the protection of her mother's brother, Crow Bull, (b. ca. 1825—d. 1887) a prosperous and prominent warrior, who for a number of years was Keeper of the Flat Pipe. She was married as a child-bride to Dressed in White, whom she loved and respected and who later also acquired as wife her younger sister. She was still a young woman when her husband died. Her following two marriages were each of short duration, but with her next husband, Little Man, she lived many years until she was again widowed. It was during this marriage that the drastic change in Gros Ventre culture occurred with the disappearance of the buffalo. Her last husband, Warrior, pre-deceased her by many years. By 1945 her health had begun to fail although her memory was still good. In 1948, however, she was very ill and was not able to work. To Coming Daylight we owe the bulk of the material on the life cycle and the woman's point of view on social and religious activities.

Singer (b. ca. 1855—d. 1947) was often present when her friend, Coming Daylight, was talking about the old ways of doing things. On these occasions as well as when she was interviewed alone, she volunteered a great deal of information independently. Her lot had not been as fortunate as that of Coming Daylight. Her first marriage at the age of ten or eleven was to join her sister as co-wife. She was soon sent home to her father and her next marriage, which lasted for some time, was an unhappy one. She was mistreated by the senior wife, who was not related to her, and their husband not only permitted this but was cruel to her himself. Her next two marriages, first to Iron Bucket and later to Ax Handle, turned out more successfully. In her old age she married her last husband, Sleeping Bear, whom she outlived by some years. She seems to have been less inclined towards domesticity than was Coming Daylight, and enjoyed to the full such activities as gambling, counting coups, and rough and tumble games and jests with her brothers-in-law and her enemy-friends.

Garter Snake (b. ca. 1860) has been blind for a number of years and consequently was not able to enter into the giving of the record with the same spirit and interest as either Coming Daylight or Singer. Nevertheless she gave valuable information. She is the daughter of Bull Lodge, (b. ca. 1825—d. ca. 1900?) who had been not only Keeper of the sacred Feathered Pipe but also was a famous medicine man. She had been selected as Pipe Child at the time her father became Keeper and thus remained in the same lodge as her parents while the other children, including her brother, Otter Robe, were sent to live with relatives. Although Garter Snake volunteered practically no information on her personal experiences, except those of early childhood, she gave a considerable amount of material and independently corroborated a number of points which had been given by others. She is at present the wife of Jim Shortman.

Cora Chandler, late wife of Al Chandler, referred to above, acted as interpreter for Coming Daylight and Singer in 1940. She attended St. Paul's School but was raised by relatives who spoke only Gros Ventre. In many friendly chats with me she elaborated upon various topics which had been

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discussed by the old women during our regular sessions, drawing on her knowledge of the old way of life she had acquired from her mother and other old women she had known. Not infrequently she referred to the contrast between the type of behavior that had been expected of her and that which is characteristic of the younger generation today.

Mary Ereaux, at present living off the Reservation at Dodson, was also an interpreter for the oldest informants in 1940. Like Cora, she too kindly supplemented their information from what she had seen and heard in her youth among relatives who conserved the old ways. She volunteered many comments on the change of culture she is witnessing and thus threw much light on the past.

Mathilda Cuts The Rope interpreted for the two oldest women in 1945. Her mother, though younger than Coming Daylight, had been very friendly with the latter and Mathilda was able to add some information on her own regarding social customs of former times.

Mae Main, wife of Thomas Main, like other women of her age, attended school but was brought up among conservative relatives. In 1945 and in 1946 she read those portions of the preliminary draft of this manuscript which dealt with the life cycle and informally gave additional valuable information which has subsequently been incorporated.

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INDIVIDUAL VARIATION IN CULTURE

Regina Flannery

It is generally accepted that what Benedict called the Dionysian configuration of Plains culture represents a dominant, if not the only trend. By definition a configuration is a generalization lying behind and explaining a number of cultural patterns. A pattern itself is of course an abstraction from the behavior of a number of individuals. The behavior of any one person may vary at different times in respect to a particular type of situation, but it is unlikely that the individual will show the whole range of possible behavior within a pattern; it will cover only a portion thereof. As Linton pointed out, the difference between the individual mode within this segment, and the mode of the behaviors on which the pattern is based, reflects the compromise which every individual has to make between the culture patterns of his society and his own inclinations. It would seem further, then, that if the modes of an individual's behavior-ranges show a consistent displacement with respect to a large series of patterns, it is safe to assume that the direction of this displacement reflects some quality of the individual.[1] The question we wish to raise is this: If the aspect of personality thus revealed runs counter to a dominant trend of his culture, is the individual a misfit in that society?

In attempting an answer, let us examine some individual variations within those patterns of Plains culture in which expression of emotional excess, and dangerous experience were expected of women in one Plains society, that of the Gros Ventres of Montana. We shall outline in some detail the behavior of one Gros Ventre woman in respect of these selected patterns—from which the Dionysian configuration was abstracted—and contrast her behavior with that of others of approximately the same age. All had participated as adults in the old way of life before the disappearance of the buffalo in 1887.

In Gros Ventre culture, as in all the Plains, there was high valuation placed on direct contact of the individual with the supernatural through dreams and visions. Men could actively seek such contact by employing dangerous means, and did so in order to obtain many kinds of power. While women did not go on the actual power quest, they might acquire medicine powers and less frequently, perhaps, powers of clairvoyance. Medicine powers were considered dangerous in that, it was believed, by accepting them a limitation was put upon the life span of the practitioner. But the rewards in terms of prestige for successful performance and of payment for services were high for women as well as for men. Not every individual man was successful in his quest, nor of course was every woman vouchsafed the kinds of dreams which were requisite. Coming Daylight, the woman whose behavior we are examining in particular, was what her contemporaries considered fortunate indeed in having been offered curing powers of several kinds. Nevertheless she rejected the possibility each time, in spite of the fact that she had a living example in the person of her father's sister of what it could mean in prestige to a woman who accepted. As the reasons for her refusal seem significant I shall describe her experience in her own words.

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"My experience was by dreaming. One time before I was married—I must have been about eight years old—I was sleeping in a big lodge and a 'person' came and wakened me. He had a bag of medicines on his back. He came to me on four successive nights and laid out these medicines and told me what each was for. On the third of these nights there was a man lying there—he was just skin and bones. The 'person' who had awakened me told me: 'You could take all these medicines and you could cure people like that one lying there' [i.e., a person in the last extremity]. In my dream I would do everything he told me, manipulate my hands to draw out the sickness, and do everything. But I didn't want that power and would tell him so. Each morning too I would relate to my grandmother exactly what had happened in the night but she would try to hush me up, telling me: 'Don't say anything; don't tell anyone. You will be a great medicine woman.' But I didn't want that power. I didn't like it because when medicine people suck on the weak part of the sick person they have to swallow what they extract. I had decided I would rather be quiet and not do anything like that, or sacrifice my flesh, or things of that kind. Perhaps if it had come later I might have taken that power and become great."

Nevertheless when later in life she had other dreams indicating supernatural power, she likewise refused. She explained in regard to one of these experiences, for instance: "The one who awakened me this time had told me to face the rising sun and was showing me how to make a smudge from the moss that grows close on logs; but I told him. 'No. I would rather not have it.' Those who have power die too soon."

Incidentally, still in connection with curing, bleeding was an operation which was performed purely as a natural remedy for a person who felt dizzy or sluggish. Anyone could do it—no supernatural validation was needed. Other women described quite casually how it was done and discussed the various times they had actually performed the operation. Coming Daylight, however, insisted that while there was really nothing to such an operation, she could never bring herself to perform it, nor would she allow anyone else to bleed her; she could not stand the sight of blood.

The aversion to the sight of blood and to self-mutilation was evidently deep-seated and showed itself in a marked manner early in her life. On one occasion a close relative was very ill. In such a situation it was expected that every member of the family would rally around and do whatever he could toward the recovery. Among the things that fell within the scope of activity for female relatives was that of vowing to sacrifice something valuable, including perhaps the blood from one's arm or a finger-joint, if the person recovered. At this particular time, Coming Daylight was a young child, and her grandmother decided that it would be appropriate for the little girl to offer that her finger-tip be removed if the relative regained his health. When it was suggested to her, Coming Daylight refused, even though her grandmother took after her with a stick. She actually ran away and wandered alone, until two nights later the relative died and an uncle finally found her.

On another occasion in her early youth, too, she defied a convention connected with kinship by refusing to join in mourning for an uncle who had been killed in revenge for having instigated the murder of his brother's wife. When her grandmother upbraided Coming Daylight for not expressing grief in the traditional manner, the latter defied her by saying: "I am not going to cry for that man. I don't know why you are crying for him. I have worked for that woman and she has fed me, and has even given me meat to bring home to you. I heard

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the shots and went later to see what happened, and there I saw her lying across the fire; her dress had burned off and her body was all shriveled. They weren't satisfied to kill her, but they burned her too!" She maintained her attitude and all the scolding from her relatives was of no avail.

Before turning to her adult life, we may refer to another instance which illustrates Coming Daylight's sensitivity to the suffering of others. In the Sacrifice Lodge, which is the Gros Ventre version of the well-known Plains Sun Dance, one of the important features was the spectacular self-torture which the active participants underwent. Each one had a sliver of wood embedded in the flesh of his chest. To the wood was tied a line, the other end of which was fastened high on the center-pole of the lodge. The man, leaning back so that the line was taut, went back and forth until finally the sliver was torn from his flesh. Meanwhile the women cheered on their relatives by "rattling their tongues," singing war songs, and the like, by way of encouraging the men to be brave and see the thing through. Coming Daylight was quite a young child when she first witnessed this performance. She remembered vividly her reaction when one of the young men, in his exhaustion, went to the center-pole and, putting his arms around it, wept aloud. She was not able to stand it any longer and rushed home crying. Her grandmother was very angry with her for leaving in the middle of the performance, but all the little girl could say was: "Oh, I just pitied that young man," and she could not be induced to return to the dance lodge. We may add here that actually in later years she did not participate in the Sacrifice Lodge even so far as women were allowed to do so.

The examples we have given are sufficient to show, I believe, that Coming Daylight had developed as a child a very strong set against violence, against painful and dangerous experiences. She refused medicine power from supernatural sources not only because it was dangerous but also because it involved a kind of physical activity which was repugnant to her. She refused to mutilate herself and was extremely sensitive to painful experiences in others. Her actual deviations from the patterns of accepted or approved behavior all tended in this same direction against violence. Her adult behavior likewise was consistent with this trend in her personality.

In consonance with her feeling against physical violence Coming Daylight avoided as far as possible the rough-and-tumble play in which brother-in-law and sister-in-law were free to, and indeed expected to, indulge. Other women told with glee how they enjoyed "getting even" with their brothers-in-law by, for instance, pushing them when fully clothed into the river, or dumping bucketfuls of water over their heads when they least expected it, and so on; but Coming Daylight admitted without hesitation that she didn't like that sort of thing and never attempted to retaliate even when her brothers-in-law succeeded in playing jokes on her. Similarly while it was not unusual for women rivals to actively fight over a man, she refrained from such undignified behavior, although it must be admitted that she had enough provocation on at least one occasion of which she told me. She had just married a man who was described by others as something of a gay Lothario. A woman who had been trying to force her attentions on him was furious when she heard of the marriage. She rushed to the lodge and pulled Coming Daylight out feet first, yelling insults the while. When the latter regained her feet she made no attempt to hit back even though the other slapped her and pulled off an earring, tearing the lobe of the ear. Coming Daylight, however, bided her time and soon was able to make an opportunity for an exchange of words with the woman at a big social dance.

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Her final rejoinder was such a witty and pointed one that everyone laughed heartily at her rival's expense. In this culture, of course, public ridicule was a far more effective retaliation than the biting and scratching that other women said frankly they would have indulged in when attacked.

Expression of emotional excess was institutionalized for the Gros Ventres, as for the rest of the Plains, in the bereavement situation. Upon the death of a husband, son, or father, a woman was expected to start wailing as soon as she heard the news, have her hair cut off, discard good clothes for old ragged ones, gash her arms and legs, go to the hills to mourn and cry, resisting for a time the pleas of her relatives to return, and being watched lest she attempt suicide. Coming Daylight was only a young woman when she was first widowed and the mourning pattern was still in full vogue. It is certain from other evidence than Coming Dayling had a deep affection for this husband to whom she had been given as a child-bride and in whose kindly and indulgent treatment she had found a pleasant escape from the rigorous discipline of her grandmother. Nevertheless the public expression of her grief was minimal—no abandonment for her. Although her sister was sent on the hills with her to keep watch over her in the usual way, Coming Daylight was easily persuaded to return shortly though she herself was proud of the fact that she had stayed out so long that she actually had got a frozen toe! In later years when all that was left of the ritual was the wailing out on the hills, she lost the son whom she herself, and everybody else, acknowledged as her favorite. She had not been on the hills very long when she experienced a significant dream, as follows. She was in a lodge at the rear of which was a big pile of tobacco mixture and a pipe. The owner of the lodge filled the pipe and approached her. She was frightened because she didn't smoke. The owner of the lodge however told her: "Look at these people." She looked and saw many with their hair cut and their bodies bleeding from the gashes inflicted in grief. The man then told her: "That is in the past. Nowadays your only consolation is in smoking." So she accepted the pipe and, after smoking it, she was painted in ceremonial fashion by each of those other mourners. Then the owner of the lodge dismissed her saying: "Now, go home and don't ever go on the hills and mourn again. But always smoke if you want to." She went home right after this dream and when she told her husband of it he accepted it as valid and persuaded her sister to prepare for Coming Daylight her first real smoke. She maintained that the habit subsequently developed was actually a great comfort to her.

The final area with which we shall be concerned here is the war complex—a vital aspect of the old Plains culture. Gros Ventre women were allowed direct but limited participation in these activities in the sense that, while they would not join a party of men who were going on horse-raiding or revenge expeditions, if opportunity offered they might exhibit the same kind of bravery that a man should show and derive considerable status therefrom. For instance, if one of the enemy fell nearby, the women rushed out from camp to count coup, and to grab trophies with which to inaugurate the relationship known as "enemy-friends." Coming Daylight, however, was never one to indulge in this sport. She told of the one—and to her extremely distasteful—occasion on which her hand literally was forced. It seems that during a raid on their camp one of the enemy was shot and her husband scalped him. The victim was lying not far from her lodge and, as her husband dashed off to pursue the rest of the Assiniboine, he shouted for her to come out and see what was going on. Coming Daylight saw the man lying there, face down, covered with blood. He was not dead

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and, each time he attempted to get to his knees, one of two women who had already reached the scene would strike him on the buttocks with the flat side of a hatchet, making an insulting remark, and both would laugh. Coming Daylight hesitated at some distance from where the other two were gloating over the fallen enemy. When one of them, Woman Chief by name, saw her she ran to her saying: "Why are you standing so far off?" She grabbed her by the arm and pushed a big club into her hand, saying: "He is still alive—you will do a great thing. *Ahe:ya'!*" Woman Chief forced Coming Daylight to strike him.

While both Woman Chief and Coming Daylight closely approximated the ideal for women as faithful wives and efficient workers who gave generously of their material goods to and on behalf of their relatives, they seemingly differed in temperament. Woman Chief was known as a very brave woman, and Coming Daylight was frank in admitting she would never have dreamed of doing the kinds of things for which Woman Chief was renowned. One of the latter's exploits, for example, was as follows. The Gros Ventres and Crow were allies in an encounter with the Piegan. The battle was in full force, but one Crow had withdrawn and was sitting motionless astride his horse at some distance from the melee. Woman Chief, who in contrast to most women was always well mounted, dashed up to the Crow, grabbed his wand from his hand, and rode pellmell into the thick of the battle, counting coups right and left. So brave was she considered in having really risked her life that she was accorded the distinction, most unusual for a woman, of being led around the camp circle with the victorious warriors. Furthermore, so many people came to sing in front of her lodge that she and her relatives, to show their appreciation of the honor, were forced to give away as much property as though she were a man. Judging on the basis of other biographical material, there can be no doubt that she gloried in her reputation and took every opportunity to enhance it. She was one to whom the more violent aspects of Gros Ventre culture were exceedingly congenial.

If we compare and contrast these two women we can say that insofar as the patterns of Dionysian configuration are the basis of the comparison, their behavior exhibits opposite extremes, the one going beyond the average in the direction of the configuration, the other running counter to and participating less than the average therein. Both might be termed deviant personalities in Honigmann's sense of the term,[2] one overplaying and the other underplaying modal behavior in these selected patterns. Nevertheless, neither seems to have been a misfit insofar as each represents an extreme of socially accepted or sanctioned behavior within those patterns. If, for instance, Coming Daylight had been completely negative, and refused, say, to carry out at least the culturally defined minimum for mourning, had she, in addition to refusing to mutilate herself for the recovery of her ill relatives, neglected as an adult even the safe and less strenuous means to that end, she would have fallen without the pale, so to speak, and have been a misfit. If, at the opposite end of the scale, Woman Chief had gone further in the direction of masculinity, had she actually gone on raiding expeditions and herself stolen horses from the camp of the enemy, had she learned to shoot the bow and arrow or gun, or had she so much as adopted the vocabulary and/or pronunciation proper for males in the Gros Ventres language, she would have been carrying things too far. She, too, would have been dubbed a misfit.

The Catholic University of America,
Washington, D.C.